LONDON TOPICS.

A Dead Duckers's Clother Seld at Auction. "Endymion"-Dale-Ireland-The East.

LONDON, Dec. 11 .- If I were asked to give, in the order of their importance, the topics chiefly discussed by society in London, as it exists in its unfashionable state in the month of December, I should say they were the increasingly dangerous condition of Ireland, with the split in the Cabinet which seems inevitably likely to result from it; the merits of Lord Renconsfield's last novel, "Endymion;" the chances of a war between Greece and Turkey. and the imprisonment of the Rev. Pelham Dale and Mr. Enraght. To these may be added the temporary and short-lived sensation of the sale of the late Downger Duchess of Somerset's underelothing and accumulated cast-off wearing apparel of the last fifty years.

Any young man desirous of creating a pleasing impression at a dinner party should have attended this interesting auction; have read "Endymion;" have been present during one day, at least, in court to listen to the interminable controversy as to whether Mr. Pelham Dale is, or is not, rightly imprisoned for insisting upon wearing a "vestment;" should, if possible have recently taken a run over to Ireland, and have read the last Blue Book, containing the account of the recent Berlin Conference and the negotiations respecting the Greek frontier. Perhaps, to lead off with, he would find the most effective topic the prices fetched by the Duchess of Somerset's false hair of which there seems to have been three small packing cases full, and the late Duke's worn out court trousers. Their coronets went cheap; the Duke's sold for £4, and the Duchess's for £4 15s. They had no less than 700 pocket handkerchiefs between them, and her Grace's old white satin shoes were piled up in small stacks. Soferas I can understand the court dresses, robes of the Garter, uniforms, and other useless objects of attire were bought by the theatrical profession; some forty or fifty old bonnets were chiefly speculated in by Jewesses; while paste diamonds and sham pearls, which had been amassed in extraordinary abundance by this singular old woman, fetched prices which to those not in the trade, seem far beyond their

The late Dowager Duchess was a strange and not altogether reputable member of the aristocracy, who, finding herself socially stranded many years ago, retired to the seclusion of the family mansion at the top of Park lane, where she led a mysterious existence, the secrets of which were known only to the initiated. On her death, after leaving very large legacies to her servants, she bequeathed the bulk of her property to her sister, who was also her executrix. and to whose frugal mind it seems to have occurred that these accumulated stores of male and female clothing and false jewelry might be turned to account. Her solicitors therefore made an arrangement with a firm of auctioneers, by which it was agreed that the whole of the goods should be sent out to a colony, where it was understood there was a sale for them, on the distinct promise that the Duchess's name should not be mentioned. The auctioneers seem to have broken their engagement, and thus given occasion to a painful scandal, which by no means tends to enhance the prestige of the aristogracy.

Our young gentleman of fashion, having con fided all these interesting details to his fair partner at dinner, together with several other spicy particulars which I refrain from mentioning, now naturally glides into the view of aristocratic and political life which is just being presented to the world by the "author of Lothair." who has evidently been amusing himself during those intervals when he was not sardonically chuckling over the huge blunders of his great rival, with satirizing the political system of which he is entitled to sav magna pars fui." The resplendent tinsel which characterizes his description of the great modern tournament at Eglinton exactly corresponds with the sham performance which it describes. One feels that the entire absence of real chivalry and the innate dramatic in-stinct which enabled the author so accurately to describe and even revel in the false glitter of an imitation tournament, would have made it as impossible for him to enter into the spirit of the knight-errantry to which Sir Walter ott imparts such vivid reality, or to describe a Field of the Cloth of Gold, as it would have been for Sir Walter Scott to throw his great genius into giving us a sort of newspaper reporter's account of the mock jousting at Eglinton. Yet this is the author that the public delights to honor; though it is said that the circulating libraries have burnt their fingers by calculating on an even larger demand and investing too factory to Lord Beaconsfield, who it is confidently asserted, has already purchased out of the profits of his excessively flimsy romance a

substantial house in Curzon street. From the gilded salons in which Lord Beaconsfield delights to wander with his guests, to the chamber in Holloway street juil, in which, until to-day, the Rev. Mr. Pelham Dale has been a prisoner, may seem a sudden and startling transition, but not more so than the exigencies of conversation require. We may take it for granted that our fashionable young man is an earnest admirer and aupporter of the martyred clergyman, who has now, for convenience sake, been for so many weeks a victhe illegal sentence" of Lord Penzance. He will tell you that if the State is determined to insist upon the infraction of their ordination yows by the clergy according to their inter pretation of those vows in the matter of the celebration of the Eucharist and the vestments to be worn thereat, 800 of the clergy of the Church of England are prepared, as an act of defiance to the civil authority, to don the obpoxious article of attire, and, rather than take it off, occupy 800 different cells in 800 different prisons in England; and he asks triumphantly; "What will the State do then?" And it must be confessed that at any other time the problem which would be created by such an awful act of contumacy on the part of a large section of the ministry of the Church of England would seem sufficiently serious, as opening up the whole question of disestablishment, and

of the connection of Church and State. But it sinks into absolute insignificance before the stern reality of the Land League in Ireland, and the far more grave complications which are likely to arise there in consequence of the extraordinary apathy shown by the Government. It is now no secret that at the last Cabinet councils the question was vehemently debated whether coercive measures should be immediately introduced, or positioned until remedial legislation had been attempted in Parliament. It was with the greatest difficulty that a split in the Cabinet was avoided upon that occasion. Since then matters in Ireland have reached such a pass that the advocates of secreive measures are barely able to restrain their impatience, and submit to the dictation of the radical section of the Cabinet. It is now said that Mr. Forster, the Chief Secretary for Ireland, will resign if on the occasion of the next Cabinet meeting his proposal for more vigorous action be not acceded to, and that in this step he will be followed by Earl Cowper, the Vigeroy of Ireland, the Lord Chancellor of England (Lord Selborne), and other important members of the Cabinet. In fact, it would amount to a break up of the Government. Whether this be so or not, there can be no doubt that the public mind is in a state of extreme tension on the subject, and that are likely to result from the troponling Cabinets that are likely to result from the troponling Cabinets consequences that are likely to result from the troponling Cabinet councils. which are likely to arise there in consequence ces that are likely to result from

consequences that are likely to result from the importing Cabinet councils.

All these domestic interests have for the moment thrown foreign affairs somewhat into the shader but the gravity of the issues pending are none the less important on that a count. It may be considered certain that a deplomatic rupture will take pince almost immediately between Greece and Turkey. The former power is determined to push matters to an extremit, in the belief that it can rely upon the material as well as the moral, support of England and France, and upon an influx of philinelenic volunteers from all the countries of Europe. The Greeks miscalculated the tendencies of the two powers, neither of whom will willingly relungation war on their behalf; but willingly relungation war on their behalf; but The Greeks miscalculated the tendencies of the two powers, neither of whom will willingly plunge into war on their behalf, but it is probable that she can accurately count it is probable that she can accurately count in probable that she can accurately count in the set is a count of th their SOME NEW BOOKS,

Swinburne's Studies in Song

Nothing is more natural, yet unjust, than he common tendency among the readers of Swinburne to regard him exclusively as a master of exquisite and musical expression, to conentrate attention rather on his technical perfections than on the breadth of his poetic vision and the high level of his thought. He has gone so far beyond his contemporaries in the grasp of the pictorial beauties and melodious capabilities of the English tongue that a right appreciation of his mere workmanship exacts a special kind of education for which his own productions supply almost the only text books. In the presence of a sweetness that casts a spell upon the ear, we are, so to speak, like children engaged in learning a new language, scarcely able to turn the puzzled mind from the strange medium of utterance to the thought embodied. For the very reason, too, that tune fulness, in the superlative degree disclosed by Swinburne's song, is a veritable revelation, many of us dwell instinctively on those rondos and canzonettas where this novel quality is relatively isolated, but which should properly be viewed as only the distractions and recreations of a maestro. It is certain that a hundred readers can relicarse Swinburne's shorter lyrics for one who can recall the noble antiphonies and symphonics of the "Erechtheus," just as the tyro in music delights in melody long before he has divined the possibilities of harmony.

Yet it 'would seem that this very play of

Erechtheus" should have unveiled, at least, his disciples and admirers the large burden of his song, should have sufficed to lift us to what, in this and other products of his strenuous endeavor, is the true height of his argument. No doubt the general predisposition to which we have adverted, and which would prompt the ear to linger on the dulcet chime of shoral interludes, was, in this case, complicated with a scholastic, antiquarian curiosity intent on the exactitude with which the details of Greek form were reproduced. Yet it seems to us that the affluence of harmonical and rhythmic charm and the breadth of scholarship exhibited in that drama need not have obscured the noble outlines of sentiment and conception, ought, indeed, rather to have suggested them, just as the amplitude of fleecy and tinted cloud, while its masks, suggest the massive contour of the mountain peak enveloped. It is ertain that if we could disassociate the matter of this drama from the vehicle, if we could fling this beauteous work of art into the crucible of logic and extract what logicians call the thought-content, we should obtain the essence of high philosophies and come upon such deep things as his Athenian models, the "lofty, grave tragedians taught in chorus or iambic." Indeed, the fundamental conception of "Erechtheus," most distinctly and finely voiced in the concluding apostrophe to Athene, viewed as the personified genius of his native city, is the most majestic exposition of the new ideal, the new object of homage and devotion, which the positive philosophy would substitute for the source of Christian inspiration. For what is the glad self-sacrifice of the hero King to the welfare of Athens, but a recognition of the incomparable dignity and ranscendent moment of corporate existence, with its boundless continuity of energy and opportunity, as compared with the fate and the efficiency of an individual life? The patriotism which was the supreme passion known to the Greek heart when Greece was great, is only a contracted prototype of Comte's humanitarianism, for the essential feature of both senti ments is the spirit of self-effacement. The altruistic enthusiasm portrayed by Swinburne outgrew, even in Hellenic times, the bounds of civic fealty, and in the hands of the Stoles acquired a scope almost commensurate with the interests of mankind. Indeed, the vital principle of the positivist creed was formulated by Seneca long before Comte propounded the religion of humanity. "Men then perished," said the Roman Stoic, "but the humanity in whose ikeness man is formed endures, and while men travail and pass away, it undergoes no decay.'

impulses which Herbert Spencer thinks might supersede religion, the intention doubtless is to point out that none of our living singers has et deliberately addressed himself to the work. It must be manifest to those who discern in Swinburne something more than consummate excellence of workmanship that he is specially qualified by the breadth and intensity of his sympathies to execute such a task. No contemporary poet has recognized with more disman, Indeed, not even Victor Hugo has watched with more polgnant pity and generous wrath the stainings and despoilings, the tramplings and scourgings, which make up the agony of struggle-the dull toiling for subsistence, the timid groping after light, the close fellowship with sorrow, and the rare fruition of hope deferred which for the mass of men sum up the purport of existence. In the whole range of Swinburne's lyrics there is not one that glorifies the strong or truckles to the mighty; there is not a note but vibrates to the sigh of the oppressed and the aspiration of the poor No verse drifts more easily than his into accents of asperity and spleen, or oftener breaks into a paroxysm of rage and scorn; but his invective and anathema are launched against the great ones of the earth, while his pmans and nosannas are reserved for the uplifting of the weak, the hard-won conquests of truth over error, and the victories of freedom. In a word, Landor and Swinburne have been in the new time to England what André Chenier and Victor Hugo have been to France-the precentors of progress and the laureates of revolution. There is, however, a long interval between the Jacobin strains of Chenier, acclaiming the bleak individualism which was Robespierre's ideal, and the glowing socialistic visions of Hugo's later moods. In like manner the new trend of reformatory impulses is disclosed to us when we pass from the Hellenic egoism of the standard by which Landor measured human achievement and well-being to the more catholic sympathy which prompts Swinburne to subordinate the perfection of the few to the contentment of the many. In a word, there is no post living more predisposed than Swinburne to extel and embellish the dreams of Saint-Simon and Lassalle. If he has not already followed the latest tendency of revolutionary thought toward a new social order, it may be because he has found no historical type sufficiently majestic and benign to fire his imagination and give his fashionings a basis of reality. But why, it may be asked, should not his giance fall on a phase of our early American civilization, which reveals in the land of the Ineas a populous, prosperous, and powerful community, organized and governed for many centuries on socialistic principles? In no part of the earth has there ever seen such a perfect distribution of the simple necessaries and comforts of life, or such a wide diffusion and ceaseless exercise of generous instincts and gentle virtues, as among the ancient Peruvians. On this head, two facts speak volumes. Such a thing as a houseless or hungry man was unknown in the dominions of the Incas. What is equally significant, no crime, next to sacrilege and treason against the person of the sovereign, was visited with sharper penalties

than the utterance of a lie. Such a striking

phenomenon in the annals of jurisprudence

attests not only the extreme rarity of the

offence, but 'a comparative, immunity from all

the crimes whose definitions load our modern

statute books, and whose perpetrators count on

taking refuge in a falsehood. It is certainly to

offered to a post by the Inca civilization

should have had no more adequate treatment

than a vague and cursory allusion in the

glimpse afforded in Sheridan's half-forgot-

ten paraphrase of Kotzebue's drama. The

subject is not unnaturally suggested to the reader of Swinburne's latest volume, be-

cause in the song entitled "Off Shore" is an

invocation which might fittingly be placed in

the mouths of those Peruvian virgins whose

circling and flower-growned choirs worshipped.

Earthly Paradise," and the faint, meagre

be regretted that such a kindling theme as is

in the sun, the great world-building, life-evoking agency.

It will be remembered that the author pre-

ode addressed to Walter Savage Landor. The longest poem in the present volume. Studies in Song (Worthington), is a lyric epigraph composed for the centenary of the same poet. To Landor, indeed, and Victor Hugo, the younger singer never tires of offering the tribute of grateful recognition and unstinted eulogy. In the author of the "Hellenics" and the "Imaginary Conversations," he would have us see the awakener and guide of his own genius; and many points of likeness will at once suggest themselves, though as regards his mastery o rhythm and melody we cannot perceive that Swinburne need acknowledge much indebtedness to any of his English pre-He decessors, unless it be to Shelley. shares, however, Landor's republican prepossessions, and like him he unites, in an elsewhere unparalleled degree, wide and accurate erudition with a creative imagination and the gift of luminous expression. Swinburne's erudition is of a broad. complete, and fructifying kind; it includes what is technically known as scholarship, carried beyond, however, the grammarian's grasp of structure and idiom, to the capacity of actually thinking and feeling in a classical tongue. It comprehends also such an intimate acquaintance with the geography, history, and literatures of the ancient world, as well as with their extant memorials, architectural and plastic that the social movement and moral atmosphere of an epoch, or the motives, tastes desires, and purposes of an individual man, can be faithfully and vividly reproduced in fancy. Of course such a tour de force demands not only an unusual range and minuteness of learning and a rare tenacity of memory, but that power of transmigration into strange and far distant personalities which is the supreme achievement of the poetic imagi nation. Landor possessed these gifts though scarcely in the same measure with Swinburne. for he produced no large and finished work of art so thoroughly Hellenic in the profound, no less than the merely academic, meaning of the term, as the " Erectheus " or the " Atalanta." Nevertheless, "Pericles and Aspasia" is wonderful performance, being, not a piece of deft mosaic work like Bekher's "Charleles," but an organic product evolved, so to speak, out of the blood and brain of Athens, and of which it may be said that, while scarcely a single phrase can be traced to an Attic original, there is not a sentiment or thought which might not have been uttered by the supposed interlocutors. Landor, too, like Swinburne, could write Greek verses well worth reading, being not exercises in patchwork, but unforced effusions of the poetic faculty; and these two, with Browning, are, so far as our memory goes, the only English poets of a high order who have possessed this accomplishment. Possibly the names of Milton and of Grey will occur to the reader, but as for the former, his Latinity was not specially cred itable, and we know of no evidence that he was able even to write Greek prose, while we vengree, never tried his hand at a Greek verse Landor also was an carnest and, as his writings show, fruitful student of modern Euro pean languages, besides Provencal and old French, and we believe that in most if not all of these directions Swinburne and Browning have followed him. We must needs couple Browning's name with that of the younger poet in respect to breadth and variety of knowledge, as well as dramatic in sight and procreation, though he would not for an instant be compared with Swinburne as regards the lucidity, conclunity, and music o the latter's verse. Here, perhaps, we ought to notice one other less important trait of resemblance between Landor and Swinburne. While they are intensely democratic in sentiment and onviction, they are both aristocrats by birth, training, and associations. The fact probably subtracts nothing from their popularity. The proletariat have always evinced a relish for champions belonging to the gens Julia, doubtless because the sincerity of such advocates is When it is remarked that no poet has arisen unclouded, to the careless eye at all events, by o depict the benignant play of those altruistic any suspicion of self-seeking, and is certainly not discredited by any taint of envy.

In this memorial of Landor, as in the equally impressive monument to Victor Hugo, the author surveys the whole life work of the poet not only passing in review the distinctive traits of his individual character and the cardinal events in his private or public career but touching with a swift, incisive glance each of his more famous or meritorious literary com-positions. The rugged virility of Landor's nature, the impetuous outpour of his dem cratic sympathies, and the leonine spirit with which from first to last he contronted the enemies of progress, are outlined in the earlier stanzas of the poem. It will, we think, strike the reader that Swinburne's own generous attitude deserves to be described in no less noble vords. In the following stanza his disciple

draws Landor's horoscope: Fre light could kiss the little lids in sunder, Or lave could lift them for the sun to smite, Ere light could his the little lide in sunder.

Or lave could litt them for the sun to smile.

His hery both sur as a sign of wonder.

Had risen, periods must the presental night.

With shadow and chery around her subere and under.

And northests prophesying oversoond and sight.

And half the cound was some and half was thunder.

And half the his he of lightmur, half of light.

And half the his he of lightmur, half of light.

A shadowy swind for sworthese fields of fight.

Wrought only for such hard.

That all turnes if he put to lear and fight.

Even at the flash and sweep and gleam

Of one swift stroke beheld but in a shaddering dream.

They who did not love Landor used to speak f him as a grotesque anachronism, as a Greek

Rip Van Winkle rubbing his dazzied eyes in the glare of the nineteenth century. He had, in deed, Swinburne tells us, the Greek love of beauty and the Greek love of freedom.

beauty and the Greek love of freedom.

Who should love two things only, and only praise.

More than all else torover, even the divry.

Of goodly beauty to women, whence all days
take light whereby death's self-seems transitory;
All of the self-seems of the self-seems transitory;
All of the self-seems of the self-seems raise.

From Time's worthered, become love of highest red ways.

And lightens with his light the night of story;
Live, and makes darkness bust,
And pupers as with fire of pure alley.

The dense, the stronger,

And give the wind its sales heaped and hoary;
Live, that will sees of self-see youth

Bees on the breast of freedom borne-her nurshing Truth.

These passions, says Swiphuron are twin.

These passions, says Swinburne, are twin born, nor can the fire of one die out without ex-tinguishing the other. This is tantamount to discrewning Bacine and other laureates of des potism, in whose smooth finish and chiselled grace our author, we infer, discerns no quickening seed of truth or flame of aspiration;

For at his birth the sistering stars were one. That farmed upon it as one bory star:
Freedom, whose Birth makes rule the mounting son,
and song, whose fires are quenched when Freedom!

And song, whose here are quenched when Freedom's
Of of that towe and liberty, let none
Leve her that fills our lips with fire from far
To mix with which said so as in uniton.
And sound an war tires the east harbor bar.
Acress time a bounded so a
A boundless light be yout the dra am's car.
This ai the spheresson might
Too lond for blasts of warring change to mar,
From stars that and to or Homer's hard.
To these that gave our Landor welcome back from earth.

Presently we enter the long gallery of portraits-not only resurrections of flesh and blood, but images of mind and life, which throb and strive-and suffer once more on Landor's can-

Vess:

Resurgent at his lifted water and hand.
Pale in the light of war or treacherous fate.
Song had before him all their shadows at and.
For which his will unbarred their fulleral grate.

Tears bright and sweet as fire and incense full.
It periodichates of mease measured point.
On velet asweet heals that beard not tove's farewell.
So the through the song that hade them tree again.
Rese in the hist of though sone, to dwell.
With memorise crowned of memory to the strain.
And sweet the darkness of the breathless plain.
And which figured the strain shade with a farther so the research.
That missel with insurance dispensive shorts.
That missel with insurance dispensive shorts.
For all their works of shorts.
For a collect with instand breath,
And instands great closue, their factioning chain.
For aweet as all the wide sweet south.
She bound the word like honey in our the line's mouth.
What can be finer than the lines which dwell.

What can be finer than the lines which dwell on the procreative energy with which the author of "Idyllia Nova" and the "Helienics" in fused life into the dust of history and legend? Here is the stangar

dere is the singles;

Thought gave his wines the width of time to roam.

Low gave his thought strength equal to release.

From bonds of oil togettin years, the foun

Vantained, the tame of memories that decrease;

Sectionary intib had fedured to fight from nome.

The soul's large pinions all her strife should case:

And through the trumpet of a child of Rome
Rang the oure musse of the flutes of Greece.
As though some northern hand
R. It from the Latin land
A spoil more costly than the Colchian flesce
To clothe with gelden sound
Of old joy newly found
And rapture as of penetrating peace
The naked north wind's cloudlest clime,
And give its darkness light of the old Sicillan time. faced his "Atalanta in Calydon" with a Greek

Lingering over that one of the Hellenics inscribed "To Corinth," Swinburne recalls the ardor with which its author championed the liberation of Greece, which was, however, but an index of the flerce joy with which he witnessed all popular uprisings, whether in France and Spain or in Germany, Hungary, and Poland. But the grim delight, we are told, with which he watched the battle was not more characteristic than the tenderness with which his heart yearned over the vanquished. The lines follow:

follow:

As a wave only chaequious to the wind
Leaps to the liftim breeze that hids it leap.
Leape-hearted, and its thickening mane be thinned
By the strong god's breath moving on the deep
From utmost Atlas even to extremest ind
That shakes the plain where no men sow nor reap.
So, moved with wrath toward men that ruled and sinned
And pity toward all lears he saw men weep.
Arose to take man's part.
Hind as the sin's that has in charge to keep
Earth and the seed thereof
Saie in his lordly love.
Strong as sieer truth and soft as very sleep;
The mightest heart since Mitton's leapt.

The positivet since the gentlest heart of Shakespeare sleep.

In Landor's "Shades of Agamemnon" and Iphigencia" we are made to see not so much a picture as a sculptured group of heroic ides, beside which the faint limning of less con fident hands seems like the tracery of cameos:

But in the sweet clear fields beyond the river
Dividence pain from peace and man from shade
its saw the wings that there no longer quiver
Sink of the hours whose parting toorsalls with the saw they wings that there no longer quiver
Sink of the hours whose parting toorsalls and the same of the hours whose parting toorsalls and the same of th

Beside this we may set the allusion to Landor's 'Death of Clytemnestra," which was another triumph of sculptural verse:

trium ph of sculptural verse:

As when the jarring gates of thunder ope
Like cartinguake let in heaven, so dire a cry,
So learns also flerce—"Give the award scope!"—
Bang from a dugalher's lap, darkening the sky
To the extreme aware or all its cloudless cope
With striess horrer, nor the gad's own eye
Whose down bade smite, whose ordinance bade hope,
Might well endure to see the adulteress die,
The husband slayer fordone
By swordstroke of her son,
Unutterable, unimaginable on high,
On earth absorrent fell,
Beyond all scourge of hell,
Yet righte coa's a reacomption: Love shood nigh,
Mute, sixterlike, and closer clung
Than all fire for forms of threatening coil and maddening
tongue.

Regarded merely as strokes of appreciative criticism, Swinburne's references to the "Imaginary Conversations" are marvels of insight and condensation. In a stanza sometimes in a phrase, the author's point of view, his specific alm and method, and the dominant impression left by his performance, are seized and pictured We cite Swinburne's comment on the Hellenic type of feminine genius and fascination, recovered for us by Landor in "Perioles and Aspasia:"

and Aspasia:

Then, fairer than the fairest Grace of ours, Came girt with Grecian gold the second Grace, And verier daughter of his most perfect hours. Than any of latter time or silen place.

Named, or with hair time over the fairest dawers. The foreign light of the fairest dayers. The foreign light of Athenia. All the Powers. The toreign light of Athenia, All the Powers. That graced and guarded round that holiest race. The training of the faire dayer light most light. The half seen live and dis.

Poured all their nower upon him to retrace. The crased immertal roil.

Of Love's inost severein scroll.

And wisdom's warm from Freedom's wide embrace, The scroll that on Aspasia's sinces.

Landor's hand scorched when it touched the first Napoleon, whom Swinburne, in this poem, calls the "blind and bold

First thief of Empire round whose head Swarmed carriou flies for bees, on flesh for violets fed.

His poisonous hand, the poet tells us in another stanza, "Fed hope with Corsic honey till she proved more deadly than despair." It is in the same mood that Swinburne glances a Catharine II., who figures, it will be remem bered, in the "Imaginary Conversations." In these lines none an fail to recognize the sinew; and pittless hand that drew "Faustine:

As fire that kisses, killing with a kiss,
I'm saw the light of death, rictous and red, As fire that kisses, killing with a kiss,
He saw the light of death, rictous and red,
Finner remail the bent brows of Semiramis
Herisch, and uncumer, trent line Assyrian dead,
Kinding, as dawn a creat-bound precipite.
The steels some as flavar, for the trend
Office thing the seminary of the seminary
Herisch some and flavar, for the trend
Like hiving creening things.
That writhe but have no stime.
To same adulterers from the imperial bed
Bowed with its load of lust,
Or child the raverous gust
That made her body a fire from heel to head;
Or change her line or gift print and clear,
For all its mortal stains, from taint of fraud or fear.

We add the concluding apostrophe to the genius of the man whose life and whose labor, as Swinburne reminds us, lasted from the generation of our fathers' fathers to our own. Few of us would incline, however, to echo the accent of depreciation in which the poet affirms the "inadequacy" of his praise and "gratitude to the majestic subject of their attempted ex-pression." The single stanza that follows constitutes of itself a splendid and touching tribute honoring him that gives and him that takes:

Poet whose large-eyed loyalty of love
Was pure to ward all high nosts, all their kind
And all bright words and all sweet works thereof;
Strong like the sun, and like the sunight kind;
Heart that no fear but every grief mucht move
Wherewith men's hearts were bound of powers tha

Wherewith men's hearts were bound of powers the bind.

The purest soil that ever proof could prove From initiof tertisons or of envious mind;

Whose eyes state and clear

But only nity or glorious wrath could blind;

Same exture love spars,

Free life in leftons in my deart.

Free life in the form that the could blind;

North before toward my date inclined;

North before toward my date.

Who by thine own words only but thee hait, and live.

Such excerpts as we have been able to make rom the full-freighted song inscribed to Lanor should suffice to dispose of the perverse or heedless envil which, constrained to own Swin burne surpassingly meilifluous, takes refuge in imputing to him a tenuity of thought. We would now draw attention for a moment to two poems which may fitly be described as "studies" in the manipulation of rhythm, metre, and assonance. In one of these the writer puts to delightful uses the familiar anapest. In the other, which is an essay in rhymed trochees, he has sought to give smoothness and euphony to a measure which our Engish tongue is apt to find harsh and stubborn. Indeed, the management of this metrical unit seems to involve so many difficulties that, as the reader will remember Longfellow made no attempt to rhyme the lines of "Hiawatha." Aside from the artistic workmanship of these songs, they will be found by to means wanting in vigor, dignity, and beauty of thought. The stanzas which we clip from the poem named "Br the North Sea," depict one of those dolorous scenes not unfrequently encountered on the English shore of the North Sea, where a town which was once a haven, or, it may be, stood far inland, has gradually succumbed to the ingress of the waves. One of these drowned or drowning cities is the subject of Swinburne's verse. A single church tower ! still standing, and the corner of a graveyard. whose tenants are fast dropping with the erumbling bank into the sea. This is how the

burg, once busy and unwitting of its destiny, ooked in the Angie-Saxon or Norman times Here, where sharp the sea bird shrills his ditty.
Pinkering flame wise through the clear live calm,
Rose traingles, crownics all a rity,
Roses exacted conce with orayer and psain
Butter long hands for hely pin.
Frank and histories as sheltering paim.

Church and hospice wrought in faulties fashion, When and seven the abricosts and samine,
When and seven the abricosts a compassion,
Filled and thribed with eare or checal clame,
Filled with spirit of payer and thrilled with passi
liaited a God more merchal than Time.

And this is all that is now left of the city and ts shrine. There is a wierd and ghastly real sm in the picture:

Here is all the end of all his glory— Dest and views out borren, when some v beat the inner on tellow two rand hours Xase in the sea wind stands and means filled and tirilled with the perjection way. Here where earth is decay with deather. New displaced, devoured, and deserrated, New by Times hands darally displacement. These point dead distalled the tree awaited being the archanized's recreating word. Closed allows will read and walls high and Till the heart of helphoris should be present.

Naked, shained, cast out of somecration,
Lorper and collin, yet the very grave.
Scotled at, exattered, which from their stating,
Spirried and Scourged of wind and sea like slaves
Dessists beyond marris desolution,
Chrink and sink into the waste of wave.

Tombs, with bare white pitsous bones protruded, Skiroudless, down the loose cellapsing banks. Crumble, from their constant place detruded, That the sea devours and gives not thanks. Graves where hope and prayer and sorrow brook gape and side and perish, ranks on ranks.

Rows on rows and line by line they crumble,
They that fought for all time through to be.
Scarce a stone whereon a child might stumble
Breaks the grim field paced alone of me.
Bath, and man, and all their good wax humble,
Here, where time brings pasture to the sea.

From the song entitled "Off Shore"-whose anapests, it will be seen, have a lightness and fluidity that recalls the trilling of a bird, or the dancing of a rivulet-we quote three stanzas which announce sunrise on the sea:

As the flight of the thunder, full
Charged with its word,
Dividing the wondertul
Depths like a bird,
peaks wrath and delight to the heart of the night that
exults to have heard.

Bo swiftly, though soundless,
In slience's ear,
Light, winged from the boundless
Blue deptis full of cheer,
lime, but heart of the waters that part not before
him, but hear.

Light, perfect and visible
Gothead of God,
Got intivisible.
Lifts but his rod.
And the shadows are scattered in sunder, and darkness
is light at his ood.

We subjoin from the same poem some stanzas which together constitute such an invocation to the giver of light and life as might have been heard in Achemenid times upon the hills of Persia, or from the heights of Cuzco in the days of Inca greatness:

Then wast father of olden
Times hailed and adored,
And the seense of thy golden
Great harp's monochord
Was the jer in the soul of the singers that hailed thee for
master and lord.

Fair father of all
In thy ways that have trod,
That have risen at thy call,
That have risen at thy call,
That have risen at thy call,
Arise, shine lighter upon me, O Sun that we see to
God 1 Be praised and adored of us
All in accord,
Father and lord of us
Alway adored
The slayer and the stayer and the harper, the light of us
all and our lord.

At the sound of thy lyre,
At the touch of thy rod,
Air quickens to fire
By the not of thee trod,
The savior and healer and singer, the living and visible
god.

The years are before thee
As shadows of thee,
As men that alore thee,
As cloudlets that flee;
But thou art the god, and thy kingdom is heaven, and
tay shrine is the sea.

In presence of such admirable technique it is not, we repeat, surprising that very many readers should seem to have eyes only for the exquisite garment of Swinburne's thought, should even imagine that, as in the case of the illusion contrived by Parrhasius, the curtain is itself the picture. But what in them may be venial is unpardonable in those disciples who assume to make a study of Swinburne's art, but who reproduce nothing but the tricks and mannerisms of their master. It is probable enough that the creator of the "Erechtheus" regards with some repulsion and disdain the dull myoptic vision that, poring over the details of his mosaic payament and chiselled frieze, has altogether missed the plan and proportions of his edifice. We could hardly expect him to be patient with Philistines that dabble in the honey, but leave unguessed, unheeded, the lion slayer's riddle. Few persons, we dare aver, have passed from Swinburne himself to even the most promising neophyte of the Swinburnian school without perceiving ample ground for applying Milton's

That strain I heard was of a higher mood-But now my oat proceeds. Young Ireland.

Ex-Prime Ministers on the other side have a pleasant passion for gilding their temporary etirement with graphic pencillings of their political contemporaries and anticipatory porraits of themselves. Contemporaneously with Endymion," from the recluse of Hughenden ve have Young Ireland from the vacationist of Melbourne, who has filled the same post in a great colony which the other has filled in its parent kingdom. This book purposes to present truthful pierures of the bright and brave young mer who did battle in the brief struggle for Irish nationality from 1840 to 1844. of which Sir Gavan DUFFY was a part. In Ireland, it seems to have made a sensation.

Paramount, as on a pedestal, stands Thomas

Davis, noble, true, loving and lovable, and

around are grouped the proud chivairy of

O'Brien, the organizing power of Duffy, the tervid zeal of Savage, the inspired idiocy of Me Nevin, the stern sacrifice of Mitchel, the stout heart of Doheny. Meagher's matchless wealth of words, the gentle dignity of Dillon, and the radiant eloquence of Richard O'Gorman. Of hese men all have passed away-some in routh, others in the fulness of manhood-save three: Duffy, Savage, and O'Gorman. But the have not all been silent, as Sir Gavan Duffy would imply, on the events of that brief, me teoric struggle. It must not be assumed, as it s assumed, that this is the first work of any authority on the subject. To say nothing of many brilliant lectures-and in this country the lecture is history in speechthere have been published at least three notable and characteristic works, more or less directly illustrating and embracing the subject though not exhaustive of it: Doheny's The Felon's Track," a spirited narrative of '48, em bracing the leading events in the Irish struggle from the year 1813 to the close of 1848 Savage's "Ninety-eight and Forty-eight," and Mitchel's "The Last Conquest of Ireland. Doheny's book, issued a year after the outlawry of that rough representative of the Irish peasant, and, like himself, thoroughly racy of the soil, although largely a personal parrative of the author's share in the '48 movement, contains many interesting reminiscences of move. ments prior to O'Connell's founding of Conciliation Hall for the agitation of the repeal of the union, which was the fourth society, with slightly differing names, started for that object. Dobeny depicts with more striking, if coarser vigor than Duffy has done the relative position of English and Irish parties through this epoch; the advent of Davis and Dillon, friends from old Trinity, on the Dublin press; their union with Duffy in establishing the Nation; the projecting and purpose of the famous monster meetings; the developing influence of the educated and earnest band of men which grew into "Young Ireland;" their secession from the peace programme of "The Hall;" the outbreak in '48; the wanderings of Meagher and Smith O'Brien, Stevens and himself through the mountains; the adventures and escape of Dillon, O'Gorman, P. J. Smyth and Devin Reilly; the armed demonstration in the Slievenamon and Comeragh mountains and in the valley of the Suir by O'Mahoney and Savage; in fact, a full and most picturesque panorama of the period.

Savage followed with broader propagandist in tention. Taking O'Connell and Mitchel as the types of the national sentiment in the period culminating in '48, as Henry Grattan and Wolfe Tone were similarly representatives of a different train of thought and reasoning in '95, Savage, with the bold zeal of the advocate rather than the cool judgment of the historian, defends the views of Mitchell and glorifles him as the true descendant of Tone. "Young Ireland" he regarded as the natural outcome of '98, and his voice, full of enthusiastic sympathy for the gallant young men who had staked their all in the struggle of '48, with whom he was personally and politically associated, was un-questionably the voice of "Young Ireland" in exile, less Duffy and McGee, Meagher wrote two papers on '98 and '48 in the same spirit, in which he recalled a prophecy of O'Connell's, made as far back as 1826 in the chapel of Waterford, which indicated the coming of "Young Ireland," a quarter of a century later. rising youth of Ireland," said O'Connell, " sppear to have their pulses beating with better blood, and I have remarked more than once that, while I myself was tranquil, the eye of youth, scarce reached beyond childhood, was glistening with indignation at the history of six centuries of misgovernment which this country has endured. This flery youth, with hotter blood boiling in their voins, are accumulating fast around us." Five years before he died O'Connell saw this flery youth in the flesh about him. Savage's narrative is com-

pactly built in heaps of facts, and finlabed off with a profusion of graceful foliage. The portraits of the leading young Irelanders are drawn as clearly and boldly as Daniel Maclise's illustrations of Tom Moore, Mitchei's "Last Conquest" followed Savage's book. It was originally written in a series of letters addressed to Alexander Stephens of Georgia when Mitchel was publishing his Southern Citizen, first in Tennessee and afterward in Washington, evidently with the double purpose of instructing Southern statesmen on the Irish question and keeping alive the flame kindled by "Young Ireland." It. pression of his own thoughts, both of which were representative of what all "Young Ire-land" would do if it could; but many of "Young Ireland" thought it could not do, and was not, therefore, wise to attempt. He pictures the second secession within "Young Ireland" itself, in which he was chief mover, and his starting, in opposition to the Nation, the United Irishman, with a motto from Wolfe Tone, somewhat suited to another Irish movement at this moment: "If the men of property will not sustain us, they must fall; we can support ourselves by the aid of that numerous and respectable class of the community, the men of no property." There can be no question that Mitchel's trial and his mien of stern and un-daunted gallantry throughout gave fresh fire to the then fading enthusiasm of the people, and that the rising of '48 was an attempted answer to his appeal from the dock in the words of the Roman citizen; "There are three

hundred other young Romans who will put their hands in the fire with me." Now, here are three works by men who were vigorous actors in the struggie, sufferors in exile for the cause, comrades and belomates of Sir Gavan Duffy in the brightest hours of the Nation's life, who had shown in pictured page that neither the character, mission, nor achievements of "Young Ireland" needed defenders, admirers, or chroniclers; yet, though Sir Gavan Duffy depicts the scenes they depicted, and treads precisely the paths they walked, there is not a whisper through the body of his work, its preface, or its notes, of the existence of these volumes by these three men. They have naturally been able to present a fuller and truer picture of the events of the time and the men who figured in them, as they had the advantage of living together in a society which included nearly all the men of '48 and interchanging recollections and thoughts, while Sir Gavan Duffy has lived wholly separated from such

associations. In Sir Gavan Duffy's present narrative, which reaches to the death of Davis, O'Conneil is necessarily the chief figure; in fact, fills the canvas. His fame in all civilized countries, and the loving reverence with which his name ir worshipped in Ireland, "should bespeak a favorable interpretation for his conduct." We quote Duffy's own feeble words of apologetic condemnation, because they tell more forcibly than volumes could the spirit in which he approaches his work. His portrait of O'Connell is calculated to bring him constantly into ridi-cule, often into contempt. This is the just verdict of all Americans and Irishmen here who have read the first volume. Fortunately the figure of O'Connell, in its true and grandest form, is too firmly fixed in the eye of this country through the splendid picture of its two ost elequent character painters. Wendell Phillips and Richard O'Gorman, to receive the revised impression of any other hand. They see that figure through the long, dreary waste of period between the acts of Union and Emancipation, from 1800 to 1829, standing out in lonely grandeur like the Baptist's writing his sentences and preaching a redemption in the wilderness.

O'Connell was accustomed often to tell of the lay on which he heard of the passage of the act of Union. "I was travelling," he used to say, "in the mountain district from Killerney to Kenmare; my heart was heavy with the loss that Ireland had sustained, and the day was wild and gloomy. That desert district, too, was congenial to impressions of solemnity and sadness. There was not a human habitation to be seen for many miles; black giant clouds sailed slowly through the sky and rested on the tops of the huge mountains; my soul felt dreary, and I had many wild and Ossianic inspirations as I traversed the bleak solitude." It was on that night, beside the ocean at Derrynane, he vowed his head and heart to Ireland, and never after to his last hour, not less in the darkest hours of danger and distress than in his few sunny ones of triumph, did he bate a jot of hope or sinck a sinew in her cause. to the Christian captive in the Coloseum, who saw, wherever his eyes were turned, the robes of authority and the arms of power, tier above tier, arrayed against him. Like the early Christians, too, his first meetings had to be held over the small store of a bookseller named Coyne, in Capel street, where a few frightened followers might be seen of an afternoon, after

dusk, stealing stealthily in. It was not until the last years of O'Connell's ong emancipation campaign that he found the aid of two men of note and name in Irish history. Richard Lalor Shell and Thomas Wyse, about both of whom Sir Gavan Duffy observes the same strange silence. All the other heads were wooden heads, on which he spreads his own brain. Shell was an orator, nothing more. His oratory was certainly enchanting. Small and slender, of mediocre features, fine eye, of sharp voice, of unpleasing redundancy of gesture, and of a vivacity and mobility which prevented him from being grave and important, with much of the brilliant imagination of the post, none of the superior understanding of the statesman he produced immense effects, and obtained many victories by the marvels of that speech which, though generally fluid and of a thin brightness, yet had at times the intenstion and the grandeur which belong to the art of elecution. But his temperament was not of the stormy character fitted to sway the masses. His sharp voice, easily heard in St. Stephen's, would be lost in the tempest of Tara or Mullaghmast. Small birds cannot sing on the sea. They captivate the rivers. Why did Shell dominate so little in his time and leave so faint a memory behind, placed in the favorable circumstances he was ? Sheil did not possess that moral power he should have had because he had a grasping eagerness for worldly wealth which never belongs to exalte. intelligence; because his ideas, if he had any beyond place, were not progressive; because his character was movable and changeful as a flood, and a name cannot be graven on the eternal bronze of history which is not chisqued by the force of a great character.

Wyse, who took office subsequently with him, and who is best an I popularly known to Americans as British Minister for many years at Athens, was a far abler man, and a more nervous, forcible, and Demosthenean speaker. He was married to one of the Bonapartes, who had all the gay juffdelity of her family, and social sorrows gave a subdued tone to his thought and action. and prevented him from taking that place in Irish history to which his abilities called him. Wyse had great talents and great eloquence His talents embraced all the sciences, and his gifts of eloquence touched the best motives of human activity. He devoted his laborious energy chiefly to the education question, and anticipated many of the thoughts and aspirations of Thomas Davis, Seconded by these two men, always within reach, bu siways kept at an uncompeting distance, and by a small but stout body of Dublin Catholic merchants, who lent to him an unobtrusive but unswerving loyalty, O'Connell won from the fears of England, as admitted by the Duke of Wellington, then First Minister, his first great triumph-emancipation. This vie tory and the admission of the means by which it was won give the key to O'Connell's policy and conduct of the repeal movement later or which forms the principal subject of Duffy's

Will Sir Gavan Duffy, at the close of this the first part of this great man's history. contemplate for a moment the genius of patience-for Disraeli, who has shown so much in his own history, ranks patience as the scarcely appear in this volume, belonged tal-

highest genius-which lighted O'Connell's often weary and disheartening journey through these long, dark years of struggle that found this first great triumph, and remembering how many had fallen off by the way, remembering how he himself, after two or three small and slightly disheartening defeats, declared Ireland dead and abandoned her, think of what this man, laboring for years with terrible patience, had done, and revise again his elab orately wrought and disparaging judgment; O'Connell, from the hour emancipation was won, at once set to work to improve his victory and give himself the means of attaining his second great object, a repeal of the Union. In this policy he made a treaty with the Whigs, to whose party purposes he was a necessity, which virtually handed over to him for a time, as far as the Whigs could confer it, the government of Ireland. Ha exercised a strict veto on all appointments, and filled the greater number with his own followers. The bench and the magistracy found Catholic occupants for the first time. The corporations were opened, and, from being bigoted British garrisons, made points from which issued a national electricity. When O'Connell found that the prejudices of England rebelled against this policy, and that the Whigs were, from '38, fast losing the power to carry out the treaty, and so could be used no longer for the purposes of Ireland, he cut the rope, swung free, and commenced, as Mr. Parnell is doing now, to make any Government he could not so use, impossible. He unfurled first in 1838 with faint, finally in 1840 with full, fold, the repeal flag. Now this is plain, honest history, as all Irishmen who have lived in or studied that period will verify. Around these large facts, Duffy, however, has gathered a swarm of those small incidents which buzz about great events

for the time, but are immaterial to them,

When Duffy's story of "Young Ireland" be-

gins, the condition of Ireland was as we thus

picture it. The trumpet tones of O'Connell

had stirred the hearts, especially the young hearts, of Ireland. Perhaps they reached his. He was then a bright, ambitious, young Roman Catholic, in the (to all such) cold and uncongenial climate of the north of Ireland, engaged on the Belfast Vindicator, a journal of small thoughts and resources. He came up to Dublin evidently to better his material condition. and perhaps eager to scan an ampler page. He there met two remarkable young men, who had been educated together in the national university, and seemed to have linked their life fortunes-Thomas Davis and John B. Dillon. They were, like many similar illustrious insects here, fluttering around the papers, without being fixed in any special flower. They, of course, wrote protests, sent forth manifestations, as did Thiers and Disrael in their young days, and were regarded as Utopians, as all great beginners are. On an autumn evening in 1841, these two men and Duffy took a stroll in the Phoenix Park, and beneath the shadow of one of its giant trees conceived the idea of the Nation. Duffy had been a hard and perhaps lowly student, and was, as such men often are, pedantic and unelastic. His manner was cold, hard, and un-sympathetic. He believed himself a born diplomat, but he was too stiff and unbending to conciliate men. As a newspaper manager he was admirable, energetic, loving of labor, with a quick eye for aptitude in others, a greedy discoverer of news, and a voracious gourmand of gossip. As a newspaper writer his style was clear, terse, forcible, and rugged. He aspired to political leadership, but was no revolutionist, and never had the remotest idea in common with so many of his political comrades of winning glory in the imminent deadly breach. Working on the Nation, as he did with Dillon and Davis, minds of a higher and broader kind, he became an able and brilliant editor, and at times exhibited a poetic power which astonished those who knew him best. His constitution, both mental and physical, was said by his intimates to be dyspeptie-pro ably his physical colored his mental condition-and in discussion he became peevish. But to some, at least, who knew him but slightly, there was an eager interest shining through his pallid face which was both interesting and engaging, and his speech was frank and fair. His accents were scarred by a craggy northern brogue, as harsh as the southern is musical and rich. He was a self-made man, and worshipped his Creator. He had not at the time the worldly tact to wear a cloak over his protruding vanity.

Thomas Davis was, as painted by writers of every shade of political opinion in Ireland, a clear, fine, and noble character; soft, tender, genial, full of sympathy with all suffering and hatred of all wrong. Unsellish, free suffer, and sacrifice all for any purpose he thought high and noble. His mind was de voured with the desire to raise the intellectual and moral standard of the Irish people, He knew their defects, but thought they could be cured. He was a teacher and reformer even more than a revolutionist. His own nature wa singularly hopeful, earnest, and practical, and he believed the Irish nature to be, if developed the same, and his dream was to educate it and elevate the strength and devotion it contained He was not a Catholic, perhaps not a member of any form of religion, but he believed in all He had a great deal of the woman is his nature, loved poetry, music, and all things bright and joyful. His love for Irish song, scenery, and traditions was intense, and he had the gift of inspiring others with his enthusiasm. He died too early. Had he lived he might have been to Ireland what Burns was to Scotland-the interpreter in song of the thoughts and dreams and passions of her people. He looked up to O'Connell and loved him for all the great good that was in him, unthinking, like Sir Gavan Duffy, of his weaknesses. His influence over the young men of Ireland was something wonderful. His earnestness, honesty, purity of purpose, the truth, simplicity, and grace of his character drew them to his heart. He was of good Irish lineage, too. He was not a parrenu s Talleyrand said of Thiers; he was an accord He created young Ireland.

Dillon, the other of the three Nation founders, is still too familiarly remembered in New York to give occasion for much picture. A strange, sweet sadness, possibly the result of delicate health, as he was obliged in the opening of his revolutionary ca reer to go to Madeira for some months, seemed always to hang about him, and even steal over a smile which was full of goodness and gentleness. While here in law partnership with O'Gorman, he lived an unobtrusive and retired life, devoting himself wholly to the practice of his profession: but in Ireland he had possessed an influence with the young men second only to Davis's, and his influence in the House of Commons on his return became almost immediately so great as to mark him-had be not died. like Davis, too soon-for the coming leader. John Bright ex-pressed the sense of some of the first men in England when he graphically remarked "that there was that in his eye and in the tone of his voice and in his manner altogether while marked him for an honorable and just man Thackeray, a still abler judge of men, ofter said that the modesty and sweet gravity Dillon had given him one of the pleasantes

places his memory held. These three men created the Nation-the crater of young Ireland's ideas. Up to this the Irish press had been the creature of either the Castle or Conciliation Ha the hack of some henchman. They gave for Ireland its true mission in this century of conqueror of men. It spoke with an inspir-toning. The celebrated picture of "Wallis for the News" after Waterloo gives but a fe idea of the enger enthusurem wa watched for and devoured during the money meetings by the neasant patriols of Ireland It created a spirit which O'Conneil never o templated and never thoroughly comprehend ed, and which afterward grew beyond his con trol. It made daily many notable regruits he cause. Among the most notable were Sm

O'Brien and John Mitshel; Dohony, w on shortly after, and O'Gorman, Meaghet Savage, who came on the scene later, and